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**I**T IS DAY—The first of the third month. Conobar comes from a potential state into new life. The truths and secrets of ocean, earth, firmament give constant interest; creatures of water, wood, air, much pleasure; sunshine, rain, snow, equal value and delight—for, what in Nature is not good? At times he climbs the mountains, hunts the forests, fishes the streams—takes from the storms their energy and reads tidings in the heights.



Connor, Daniel P.

# "OUR HOUSE OF JACK"

— BY —

CONCOBAR *friend*

Author of

"OLD MAN THOMPSON",

"ONY—Of the Mountains", Etc.



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BY DANIEL P. CONNOR,  
MANCHESTER, N. H.

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**I**T IS REFLECTION. Concohar  
lingers in its light—sees life's  
attitudes and disciplines in higher  
expression and truer value.

*DANIEL P. CONNOR, '94*  
*Manchester, N. H.*



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## “Our House of Jack”

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**M**AN resides by the side of life's road so each trail leads to our shack in the mountains.

It may present childhood fancies or form the basis of serious common purpose, study, wonder—for individual experience squares and human kind comes to this house in the heights.

The question, then, is not so much where, or by whom, as how it is built, because everyone is of another's being.

In a sense it associates us with; a bright September day; a first tramp of Mount Washington; a path which is half retraced; a trip ending in the path which divides the two highest ranges.

Why mention the rugged pioneer whose name the notch honors—enough that he lives, even as you and I.

There is, however, play of place. Mounts Willard, Webster, Avalon, Field and Jackson cast an imposing background o'er the scene. Light and change give a lovely setting, while, nestling beneath massive

outline stands the crude effort toward special expression, identity and comfort—figuring the significance of each on all the by-ways of the past.

Let us call it home—"be it ever so humble".

Now, there is another story,

## In Life

**S**OME thirty-five years previous to 1912, a stalwart fellow appears among the good people of the charming mountain hamlet, known as "The Twin". He is tall, athletic, handsome; of its folk, yet—different.

They tolerate the stranger, although his custom is to invariably walk in the middle of the road, constantly wear a fur cap and do other odd things. Around the new comer are woven tales of fear and favor. Still the genius back of queer action usually finds return in proportion to the amount of intelligent aim. Take one point of view with a maximum of five thousand, and at his death, fourteen hundred dollars in the bank. The money getting praises tour-





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THE "TWIN"—WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.

its generosity and pictures a dual phase— involving nature’s toning and depicting his regular spring and fall pilgrimages from Twin Mountain to “The Ship”, a distance of only nine miles.

This fact means little or much according to the varying standards of duty and pleasure--They introduce a toast.

“Here is:

“May the blessings of Nature ever wait upon you; may the sun of glory ever shine around your head; may the gates of plenty, peace, honor and happiness be always open to you; may no sorrow disturb your days and no strife your nights, but let the pillow of peace kiss your cheeks and the pleasures of imagination attend your dreams. And when length of years shall make you tired of these earthly joys and the curtain of death gently closes around your earthly existence, may the angels of God attend and take care that the expiring lamp of life receives not one rude blast to hasten its extinction”

The final thought holds the beautiful in the sad. Does not the grave keep alive the tenderest and grandest emotions ?

Around it there is neither age nor time, save eternal charm and the everlasting fondness of the present. So we are a part of every period beyond and even now akin to two persons.

The romance links us to a great, great city—across the ocean; a faith that is true; a loyalty that is rare—immortal.

The woman is Mary. The spell that of childhood.

An orphan lad of twelve, with a troubled heart yearning to a call of the deep, meets a tot of his own age—lost, hungry and in tears.

At once there is a chivalrous interest and, after changing his "last coin in the world to buy her food", is guiding his tiny comrade with hope—but close to a hidden conflict.

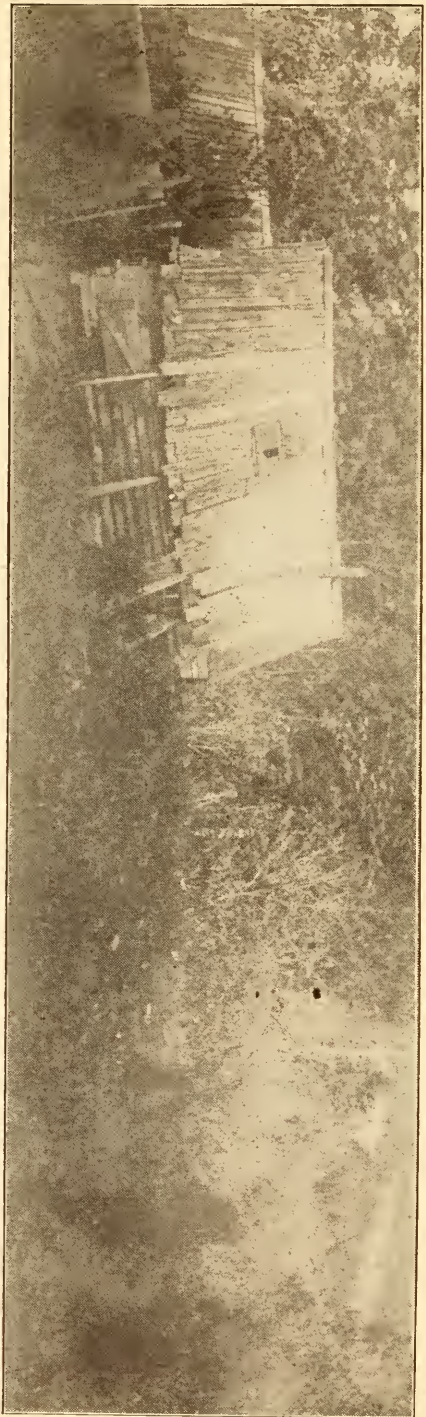
Soon they are accidentally found by a parent—who delights over his little daughter's safety.

In short the boy and girl become fast friends—noble affection adds to the sum of the world's love.

Youthful ambition is directly appeased,







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THE "SHIP", CRAWFORD NOTCH—WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.

the boy is taken to sea and its service in the employ of “Captain Bill”—the girl’s father.

Eight years are spent in this occupation—many long cruises being taken. On one they are ship-wrecked in the Indian Ocean. Out of a crew of forty-two men he is one of thirteen saved. With the others he is marooned on an island—“scarcely a mile from shore to shore”—living on mussels, crabs, limpets, frogs, snakes and such food for nineteen months.

At the end of this time, when all but three of the crowd are dead, they are rescued by an American vessel—driven from its course by a storm.

Of the number he is the only one to survive the awful ordeal and report to the owners of the vessel—“who treat me kindly and give me full pay”. In the meantime the girl’s mother has passed away from worry and want.

Then the young folks are engaged to be married, after the next voyage—“in a year”. Fate destines otherwise for Mary dies a month before he lands from this trip.

The shock left him unconcious for weeks and an hospital patient for over a year.

On recovering his health he joins the navy—hoping to secure a fatal wound in cold, murderous strife. He fights in Africa—for the slaves; goes with Inglefield in search of John Franklin—the Artic explorer; serves in the Crimean war and assists in putting down the mutiny in India. Yet he lives on, seems immune from danger—"the deepest sear is on my heart".

A soul's test seeks appreciation in the feelings and shadows of consequent trial; but it still seals the sacred silence of a vow.

This forces him from his boyhood haunts—converts him into an exile, a man of moods, "the hermit of the White Mountains".

Realizing his state our entertainment happens upon the history, attractions and consolations of the heights.

Work draws him into the White Mountains about 1874 and he erects his camp in the late seventies or 1880.

The abode becomes the object of curious attention—even the animal world pays



tribute and receives admirable reward.

A deer lingers about the dwelling for years. She is a free agent and chews tobacco. Another feature of his managerie is a bear—captured when a cub and raised as a pet. One day the creature’s wild breeding asserts itself and he tries to kill his master; but is dispatched at once—with an axe.

In the boundless yard is found an aquarium of trout—revealing the influence of environment.

Theory offers an awakening—there appears incident.

“Many years ago, when I lived at ‘The Twin’, my oldest boy became afflicted with a running sore on one of his limbs. It grew worse and the doctor decided that the foot must be ‘cut off’. Of course the family did not take kindly to this idea and sent for the recluse. Every day the latter journeyed down from the Mountain, washed, treated and bandaged the affected part. After two months the leg was entirely better—sound as ever”. With this may be recorded many other good acts. The pur-

chase of a horse for some neighbor—short of the "wherewith". Five's and ten's to men, women and children. Even a fifty dollar note, slipped into the hand of a favorite "youngster" at the railroad station—the farewell to a superior brood, facing a new field and the uncertain struggle of the west. The going suggests the coming—the recurring show of the seasons. Visitors—fashionable, foolish and fine—land at the rude, rustic hut from hotels galore.

They are met by the moods of the hour, products of his head and hands, a treat or, maybe, this substitute tale of the past:

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"You've asked fer my story, but I haint  
[much on talk—  
Livin' away from all sounds but th' tick of the  
[clock  
Or the 'casional fall of a stick or a stun,  
Or a rabbit or squirrel or deer on the run  
Wal, I've lived on Mount Willard more'n  
[thutty-two years;  
I b'lieve I wus fifty when I fust landed here,  
Which, 'cording to 'rithmetic, makes me just  
[eighty-two,  
But I don't hardly think I look it—d'you?"

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SUMMIT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON—HIGHEST PEAK OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.



Yes, I followed the sea fer some years, till  
[one day  
We wrecked on an island in the Bay of Biscay;  
The rest of the crew soon jined Davy Jones,  
But I wuz picked up with some breath in  
[m' bones,

By a whaler thet happened along from the  
[west

And spied me a-waggin' m'cardigan vest,  
Fer a sign o'distress to try and induce  
Some ship to deport me—à la Robinson Cruse.

On that honery island food wuz powerful  
[skurce—  
It could easy be better but it couldn't been  
[worse;  
Fer bread we chewed berries, and as fer our  
[meat  
We had only snakes, frogs and lizards to eat.

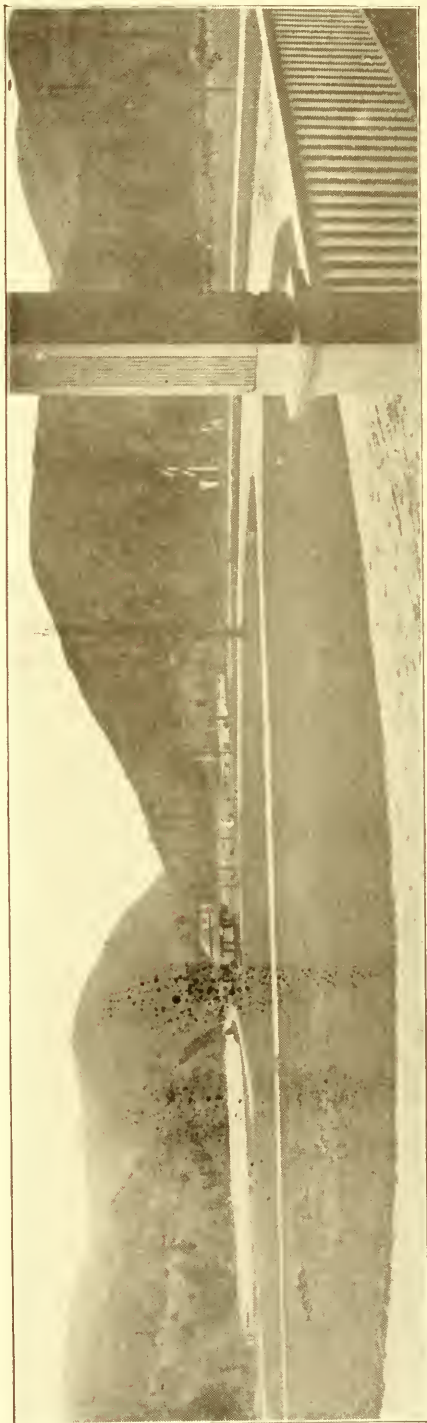
Not one mother's son of us wuz what you'd  
[call stout,  
And there wa'n't nary one that wuz troubled  
[with gout;  
Fact, there wuz no one 'cept me thet managed  
[at all—  
Who outlived his diet of critters thet crawl.

But the whaler that saved me from starvation  
[fates  
Landed me penniless—after—here in the  
[States;  
But I got a job helpin' 'emspike down the trail  
That follers the Crawford Notch Indian Trail.





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WESTERN ENTRANCE TO CRAWFORD NOTCH - WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.



him hence—representatives of a great, kind-hearted stock, bearing him tenderly to his last rest.

There is a luster of gold on the mountains, which tinges a Celtic cross\* of snow on the west face of Mount Washington—a credit to such beautiful action and an artistic monument to the first white conqueror of the peaks’ monarch.

The evening light deepens. It is night, but to-morrow—dawn.

Our privilege it is to look out over the sunrise and listen to the echoes born of its faith, goodness, beauty.

“What of the subject and yesterday”? you ask.

Well, there is the human with the scientific life of nature. Who is capable of judging how near each comes to harmon-

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\*At right focal distances and under proper natural conditions, a perfect Celtic cross of snow may be seen, resting just above the highest ravine on the western slope of the Presidential Range.

As far as he knows, or can learn, the author is the first person to observe this phenomenon—noticed by him from Bethlehem, N. H.

After the lingering spring, or the early snow storms of fall, the cross appears at its best.

izing the circumstances of life with the ideals we set and find within ourselves?

Sacrifice is the greatest service; love is the highest freedom.

Then there are other things which go to make a summer that never dies.

These facts and lessons lead us to — also away from—OUR HOUSE OF JACK.

“It may interest you to know that my English Class memorized and explained, to the best of their several abilities, the little paragraph condensing and revealing the many truths, pleasures and benefits of all creation: “For, what in Nature is not good”?—A Teacher, New Hampshire—1911.

“If teachers everywhere would take the question’s negative infinity and develop its positive value, as you have beautifully done, and the fact be aided by a system to promote its end indefinitely, the world would become, in time, a paradise of enlightenment, peace, plenty, instead of a prison of truth. You sense a point of view, namely, that science is the wisdom of Nature in its infancy.

—THE AUTHOR

“Your little books have been read earnestly. They do what many larger ones do not—give the reader food for thought.

M. I. M.—B. A., M. A.  
Columbia University,  
New York City.







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JOHN ALFRED VIAL

February 1822

April 1912

"JACK"

"The Hermit Of The White Mountains".

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